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WASHINGTON
GOLDWATER URGED CASEY TO SET UP BLIND TRUST
BY MICHAEL J. SNIFFEN

More than a year before CIA Director William J. Casey bowed congressional pressure and put his stock holdings in a blind trust, he received some advice from his old friend, Sen. Barry Goldwater: "'You can't take it with you,' so why don't you put it in a trust?"

Goldwater, a fellow Republican and chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, which had already looked into Casey's finances more than once, offered the advice in a July 12, 1982 letter, addressed "Dear Bill."

But Casey declined the advice at that time, suggesting in a response to the Arizona senator that he might set a precedent that could be applied to members of the House and Senate intelligence panels, who receive intelligence briefings.

Casey did not put his holdings into a blind trust until October 1983, when Sen. Carl Levin, D-Mich., a member of Senate Intelligence Committee, was discussing a Senate resolution urging Casey to do so.

"You and I aren't exactly children anymore," Goldwater, then 73, wrote Casey, then 69, in 1982. "Our lives have pretty well been spent, and although we both look forward to many more years, as the saying goes, 'You can't take it with you,' so why don't you put it in a trust?"

Goldwater wrote Casey that he had just learned that a CIA group had been set up to monitor Casey's finances, although Goldwater said he did not know its composition.

The group was set up by the CIA in May, 1982 to ensure that Casey did not use information he had access to as chief of U.S. intelligence to enrich himself through stock trades. Unlike his two predecessors at the CIA and unlike most other top Reagan administration officials with access to the most secret intelligence, Casey had refused to set up a blind trust and retained control of his multimillion-dollar stock portfolio.

Casey said trusts were not required under the Ethics in Government Act and that his stock adviser made virtually all the trading decisions anyway.

But, noting the new monitoring group, Goldwater wrote:

"Bill, just as a piece of advice, why don't you take all of your funds and put them in a blind trust? That is going to eliminate any question about what you do or don't do and, while I know it is not required, I think it would make good sense for you to do this, because anytime this group says anything about your background on money, someone on the Intelligence Committee is going to demand a hearing which I am going to have to grant and you are going to have to be subjected to the same old routine you went through before."

On July 20, Casey replied to Goldwater: "I agree with the concluding paragraph of your letter that 'we can't take it with us.' You will agree that if I were concerned about taking it with me or piling it up, there are other ways I could spend my time to greater effect."

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SAGE

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tion last November — and he never flies without a copilot anymore.

"I've had 14 major operations, rode in rodeos, you name it and I've had it broken . . . Before this, just thinking about bypass surgery, though, I would have told you I'd go jump off a cliff before letting someone touch me . . . I'd show you where they operated, but I have a shirt on. Now I can say after the operation, 'Hell, yes, I'd have it done.'"

When Goldwater was recuperating, some old chum tried to comfort him with just the kind of talk he thrives on: "You conceited bastard. You probably had BMG stitched on your heart." It gave Barry a good laugh, retelling the story to a reporter who noticed the Goldwater initials embroidered across the pocket of his light blue shirt. "Yes, there are changes in my life since the operation . . .," he says.

"I have grave doubts about flying now. I've been a pilot for 55 years, I've got thousands and thousands of hours and I've flown over 160 different aircraft. And I'll never fly high-speed jets again because I don't know what the centrifugal force would do to my heart. I don't want to find out. I don't fly solo. I'll either fly as a copilot or have a copilot fly beside me, but it's not like the old days when I used to fly 400 or 500 hours a year."

There is a touch of nostalgia in his voice, this grand old man of conservatism. Once he was so blustery, so full of force, so unsinkable that it is difficult listening to him talk of filling in the deep end of his outdoor swimming pool before feeling completely safe going in the water. "No sense having a bad pain in 12 feet of water," he says.

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The man is almost dangerously honest, as open as the Arizona desert. He might be called a rare commodity, an uncensored politican with an earthy sense of humor. His tongue cannot be stilled, and it is precisely that Western brand of sometimes profane candor that makes him so appealing in conversation. He is uninhibited and likable. He is lucid, yet there are those who misunderstand his salty remarks as those of an old codger too long out in the corral.

"I think undoubtedly as you get older, you mellow. I still believe in the same things I've always believed in. I don't think I get so excited or upset when things don't go my way as I used to. At least my wife doesn't complain so much about me screaming and yelling at everybody. I don't think I've changed much."

Nothing has riled Goldwater as much lately as the Justice Department investigation of alleged drug use by his son, former California Rep. Barry Goldwater Jr., and others on Capitol Hill. Justice Department officials in late March recommended that no charges be filed against the younger Goldwater, after there were unsubstantiated allegations that he purchased and used drugs, including marijuana and cocaine.

"He smoked marijuana," he admitted that. He sniffed a little coke; he admitted that. But, my god, the investigation they made of him. They even went into his sex life. They went around and interviewed girls that he had dated, and I think he chases anything with a skirt on. It was a very long and dragged out affair, particularly for his mother."

Goldwater's zest for the fight is still there, even though the fire once reflected in his eyes may be fading a bit. He has always been an independent thinker, someone who insists on going his own way at the risk of being called unpredictable or prickly.

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"Who's Barry Goldwater? Oh, Christ, I don't know. Depends . . . the one most people don't know is the guy sitting right here at his desk, where I spend all my time here. And out in my (radio) shack and down in my workshop and working around my state among my Indian people and my Mexican people.

"This is my home. I was born down there," he says, pointing below at the panoramic view of Phoenix. "I can see where my home once was, down there, when there were 10,000 people living in this whole valley. Now there are over a million and a half . . . Anyway, about me, people don't know much about my being an art collector, a book collector, a photographer, an amateur meteorologist. If I want to do something I just go out and do it . . ."

Goldwater looks up as a tall thin woman with gray-blonde hair walks into the room. "Oh, my god, Oh, no. This is my sister, my older sister."

"I'm not his older sister, I'm his daughter," says his younger sister, Carolyn, passing through the room after visiting Goldwater's wife, Peggy. "I've been talking to Peggy for a long time. She looks good."

The Goldwater clan is aging. In late March Peggy, the senator's wife, was feeling under the weather, Goldwater explains, so she spent the week in the hospital for testing. "She's fine; she's been sick . . . She smoked all her life. We've been married nearly 50 years and I have spent 50 years trying to get her off tobacco. Finally the doctor told her, 'If you don't quit smoking I don't think you are going to live.' She just quit, like that, two years ago. Never had another cigarette."

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Outside, the afternoon sky is shallow and empty of clouds. It is getting cooler, and the weather gadgets in Goldwater's home are marking each degree of change. His weather outpost records the precise temperature outside, the wind speed and direction, the barometric pressure, the humidity and the rainfall. He is a man of finite precision, recording his political memories in what he calls the "Alpha File," and his personal memories on nearly 20 miles of 16 millimeter film and 15,000 negatives.

This is where he will come — back home to Arizona — when it's all over, when the Senate speeches in 1986 tell of how Goldwater was a man 20 years ahead of his party. And this emotional sort of guy will probably get all choked up, the way he did when the party hailed him as a hero at the 1980 national convention. Yet there are rare moments when he wonders what would have become of him had he never left his homeland, never driven down the winding driveway outside his home and left his hilltop to go to Washington.

"I think about it, sure. I never would have had the notoriety one gets sitting in Washington. I would have long ago retired from a very successful business (Goldwaters, an Arizona department store chain). When I first went to work for it, it did about $350,000 a year and now it does $50 million . . . I would have had a good time staying at home. I think I would have felt much closer to everything I look out and see . . ."

Just a minute. Goldwater catches sight of an enormous lens the photographer has hauled out. The senator and the photographer talk about focal lengths and the out-of-sight prices of those huge lenses.

Let other politicans mug before the camera, Goldwater looks through his black-rimmed glasses and examines the photo equipment as the photographer studies Goldwater's face — pale now, no longer desert-burned. There's the faded scar on his forehead from a tossed stool at a wrestling match years ago and the broken nose from a football game in his youth. Goldwater's close-clipped hair long ago turned silver, but he remembers when the Navajos called him "Curly Black Head." Time and politics changed that.

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"I was thinking last night about the things that sort of drive me crazy about Congress, you know. I imagine this has been going on ever since we have had a Congress. There are always young people coming in who feel they have better ways of doing things, who see no need to observe what really are pretty much antiquated rules. So I guess it's no different, except if there is one thing that I have noticed . . . I don't know what word to use . . . not gentlemanliness, because there are women in it, but genteelness, that seems to have been lost some place.

"There used to be a tremendous respect for older members, not that I am an older member who misses any of that. Younger members always deferred to the judgment of the leader.

"I don't want to stay in Congress. I'm 74 years old. I will be 78 the day that my next Congress would go into session. Seventy-eight. I've got a lot of things to do here . . . I fully expect to live to be about 95 and I'll be working away up here."

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Inevitably, Goldwater is asked again whether he believes Reagan will seek a second term. And again, he simply says, "I've been asked that question I don't know how many times and my answer still is that I don't think he will run. Don't argue, don't ask me why, because I don't have any reasons. I just have that feeling, my extra sensory perception. Why? I don't know why. Just ask me how I can tell when it's going to rain here. Well, I've lived here nearly 75 years and I've learned my way around. Something says no, Reagan is not going to run again."

They go way back, Goldwater and Reagan. Goldwater remembers when Reagan was "a left-wing Democrat . . . and he called me a black fascist one day, because he thought I was so far to the right.

"Our relationship today is a very friendly one. When he wants to talk to me he'll call. His mother-in-law lives here in town and my brother and I sort of take care of her. She's an older woman way up in her 80s, was in the Ziegfeld Follies at one time, a beautiful thing who tells me some of the dirtiest stories I've ever listened to . . . But, no, I am not bombarded by Reagan for advice."

If Goldwater is right and Reagan steps down after this term, "You're going to see the damnedest cat-and-dog fight in both parties you have ever lived through." He predicts that George Bush would be out in front for the party's nomination ("Why, I remember when he sang 'The Whiffenpoof Song for me as a boy"), and Howard Baker will make a run.

"As I see it, the toughest Democrat to beat right now is John Glenn. Now if Mo Udall runs, and I don't think he's going to run, but if he is forced into running, that becomes another story. And I think Mo Udall and John Glenn, either way you want to look at it, would be a very, very hard team to beat. Now if Reagan doesn't run and Bush runs, it will be a very close election and I wouldn't want to guess."

Earlier that day Udall and Goldwater had met with Indian leaders, discussing health issues confronting the Arizona tribes. One Arizona Indian leader stood up at the hearing and told Udall, "You can make us do some things, but not everything. We can make you run for president and we are going to." Goldwater turned to Udall and said, "That-a-boy, you speak up, Mo. I want you to be president because I want to be secretary of defense." Udall looked at Goldwater and said, "You've got it."

The story is vintage Goldwater, a Republican forever crossing the political aisle with a one-liner. Once Goldwater teased Hubert Humphrey that he was vaccinated with a phonograph needle, and Humphrey answered that Goldwater would have been a great success in movies — working for Eighteenth Century Fox.

Goldwater laughs over these exchanges and then settles back to think for a moment, when asked whom he would appoint president if he were a given the power. "You mean if I rubbed this glass right here in front of me and a little genie came out? Well, I might pick George Shultz. He has more common sense, more common background, more intelligence, more intellectual background than anybody I know in politics. He is a very calm man. He doesn't get excited, and he makes some damn good, tough decisions."

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Although Goldwater believes Shultz would never run, there are plenty of other Republicans waiting on the sidelines and sometimes, he goes on to say, "You might not have much to say about whether you want to run . . . That's what happened to me right in this room." He points over his desktop, across the room to a cluster of chairs and a sofa next to a book-covered wall. Over there by the Indian relics, hanging in his memories like some painting on the wall.

"I didn't have my heart in it. I remember making the announcement, I think it was the day after my birthday or maybe even on Jan. 1, my birthday. I had my left leg in a cast. Now that was a good way to start. There were so many young people who wanted me to run that even though I knew I didn't have a chance in hell, I figured, let's keep these young ones together . . .

"That wasn't the purpose of my running. I knew I never had a chance to be elected president. I, ah, well, I did it for several reasons. One was to get the truth told about Vietnam, which I was unable to do because Johnson never would agree to tell the truth. And two, I felt it was equally important to get control of the Republican party away from what I call the Eastern seaboard. Now we did that and we were successful in getting someone from the West nominated the next time . . .

"What would have happened if I had won in 1964? Well, Vietnam would have ended almost immediately because I would have flown my B-52s over and dropped leaflets and said the next time we come over, which will be three days from today, these leaflets will be 500-pound bombs. Now make up your mind. And the war would have ended."

Early in Goldwater's 1964 campaign — long before Watergate — Goldwater suspected that someone was bugging the phones of his campaign headquarters. He mentions it briefly, perhaps too briefly, in his autobiography, "With No Apologies," but elaborates on the bugging when pressed today: "We found out that the lines in my Washington office were bugged. We first suspected that when Johnson had the answers to my speeches before I made them. We thought that either the lines were bugged or one of my help was double-crossing me. Or, both. I never found out if somebody was double-crossing me, but I did find that bugged line.

"Nowadays with the phones, you use electronic devices to tell if the phones were bugged. I have one of those things. Every month I'll come in and sweep the place. Sweep the office; haven't found anything."

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Goldwater still bristles at the mention of Nixon and wonders aloud why Watergate ever happened. "Watergate, the bugging, didn't surprise me, but the method they used . . . If Watergate represented the best brains of the CIA, I would have rapidly changed the CIA. It was done in a very, very amateurish way. Nobody in his right mind goes in and tapes a door so the tape shows . . . The only man who can tell you the truth on that is Richard Nixon. And he's such a liar, he'll never even tell the truth . . .

The day before Nixon resigned on Aug. 9, 1974, there was a meeting in the White House. Goldwater, Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott, R-Pa., and House Minority Leader John J. Rhodes, R-Ariz., told Nixon he had less than 15 supporters left in the Senate, far fewer than the number needed to avoid impeachment. They counseled Nixon to step down.

"I was upset. I was upset because a man that I literally had lived with in politics, campaigned with all across the country, up and down this country, a man that I believed in, became — like that — a dirty liar. And I've never forgiven him. I never will."

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Never one to mince words, Goldwater insists on filing his own political flight plans, charting his own course, adding to his image as the unpredictable politician. In recent years his most widely publicized outbursts have come when he put CIA director William Casey on the hot seat in the Senate and when he separated himself from the new right, rejecting the Moral Majority as divisive. When Rev. Jerry Falwell opposed the nomination of Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, Goldwater bristled, "Every good Christian ought to kick Falwell right in the ass."

He comes out with both guns smoking, this Western politican who still questions almost anything originating east of Arizona. "I am upset about the whole trend in politics toward the Madison Avenue approach. For example, when I first ran for office I spent $45,000 to get elected. My last campaign, I was going to spend $750,000 and wound up spending over a million, because my opponent spent over a million of his own money, which I don't have.

"I've been talking with Sen. Proxmire about legislation to control not PACs but the professional money raisers that we suddenly bred. The Vigueries and people like that. How he got started, he wanted to borrow some of my fat cat list. I loaned him, I think, 400 names and he now has 14 million in his files."

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The 1980 election was the closest of Goldwater's Senate career. Self-made Arizona millionaire Bill Schulz took on Mr. Conservative, once considered unbeatable in Arizona, and came within 7,800 votes of unseating Goldwater. Schulz criticized Goldwater's attendance record in the Senate (he missed 42 percent of the roll call votes in 1980), but Goldwater blamed it on chronic hip problems.

The campaign trail was shorter 30 years ago, when Goldwater was first elected to the Senate. Arizona's population has grown from 750,000 to 2.7 million during that time. Still, it is a relatively young state that didn't even join the union until Goldwater was 3 years old.

The geography of Goldwater's life is part of the Arizona landscape and tales of his ancestors are in the history books bordering the walls of his library. There's his grandfather Michael ("Big Mike") Goldwater (anglicized from "Goldwasser"), a Polish-Jewish refugee, who operated the largest wagon freight line in the territory back in the 1860s. One day the eventual fortunes of the Goldwaters were decided in a game of casino. In 1896, Goldwater's father Baron beat his two brothers at cards and they agreed to open a mercantile store in Phoenix, although the territory's population had not yet shifted from the mines around Prescott. And in the history books it is written that his uncle Morris Goldwater, a Jeffersonian Democrat, was there, as vice president of the constitutional convention, when Arizona became the 48th state in 1912.

Looking back over the years, Goldwater has only a few regrets: "If I had my life to live over again there would be one thing I would do differently. I would have gone to West Point, instead of the University of Arizona. My father died and I left after one year, so I've never really been to college. I guess if things had been different I would have been either a dead general or a retired general right now."

Despite his hawkish image, Goldwater never made it into combat in World War II because of his poor eyesight. He left the Army Air Corps as a colonel and went back home, organizing the Air National Guard in Arizona, and to this day he worries about national defense.

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"I don't think the arms budget can be cut much more without seriously affecting the country . . . I think Reagan should be making every effort to sit down with the Russians, as he is doing, and talk about limiting warheads. Warheads, that's not as important as it sounds. If you shoot a missile off with a big warhead it takes a good 24 hours to rearm that silo. In the meantime it is probably going to hit, so all our excess warheads really don't mean too much.

"I'd be doing just what Reagan is doing with the Russians. Start, say, with the Pershing missile, against their counterpart, the SS-20, and say, let's take 'em out, just eliminate them. That does away with the battlefield danger.

"Now let's talk about ICBMs. We both have more than we need. Let's cut them down, or let's do away with them. If we have a war, which we don't want, let's have a conventional war, not a nuclear war.

"I asked Edward Teller I said how long would it take you to teach me to make a bang with nuclear material. He said, you get a quarter centimeter of fissionable material. He said, go over in the kitchen and in about two hours we'd make a noise. So . . . Where does it lead? It's already led . . . Is it too late to control it? Well, probably, but I'm backing the president's efforts.

"So . . . Where does it lead? It's already led . . . Is it too late to control it? Well, probably, but I'm backing the president's efforts.

"I think a freeze would be very, very dangerous. You don't go out and play poker without a hole card. Now if you say let's freeze the hole card, you don't play poker. And if a freeze does pass, the president can tell it to go to hell. He doesn't have to pay any attention."

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On this afternoon, Goldwater's voice is filled with gusto, determination, but he seems to be worn physically. Goldwater hoists his tired body out of a chair and the pain from his healing hip seems to draw in. He moves slowly through his house of gadgets, stopping for a quick look in the photo lab on the way to the front door.

He hesitates on the edge of a shadow across the front steps, and then plunges on in the afternoon sunlight like someone heading ashore. His feet follow a cane aimed in the direction of his "shack", a building that others might call a guest house, overlooking the pool. There is a massive antenna above the shack that is powerful enough to reach any place in the world.

The radio whines and whistles, just like some giant toy, when Goldwater turns on the machine. This station ran phone patches for about a quarter of a million American soldiers in Southeast Asia during the Vietnam War years. Until last January, his shack was the biggest Military Affiliate Radio Service (MARS) station around, operating in conjunction with the Air Force. But Goldwater decided to give away most of his old equipment this year, when he was told it would take $250,000 to update the radio to keep up with changing system of the Air Force.

The Navajos call this machine Bash-Hal-Ne-Ae ("Metal that Talks and Sees") and Goldwater signs on as K7UGA. Many moons ago, when Goldwater was only 14, he started playing with a wireless set and put on a phonograph record. Somebody, about 20 miles away in Mesa heard Barry, and he became the state's first disc jockey.

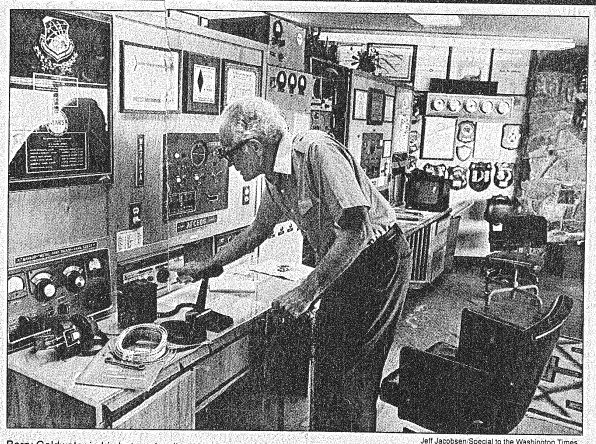
Way back then, Goldwater's mother Josephine ("Mun") used to pack her three children in the Chalmers touring car, with boxes of camping gear lining the running boards. They camped out in the Navajo and Hopi reservations and Mun read geology books to Barry, before he was 10 years old. His father Baron, a solitary man, usually remained behind and Goldwater has said that he never really knew him.

"I've lived with the Indians all my life. I can't remember a time when I wasn't around them," Goldwater says, looking across the room at a fireplace decorated with a few Kachina dolls, the only ones left from a collection of 600 that he gave to the Heard Museum in Phoenix.

This room is filled with memories. The walls are covered with row after row of photos, including a message scribbled by Jack Kennedy the day Goldwater showed him a JFK photo he had taken: "To Barry Goldwater, who I recommend stay with the profession he is more proficient in." And way up high is a photograph of Richard Nixon ("Got to take that one down," he says. "Forgot it was here.")

Goldwater sits before the ham radio, an enormous gray machine stretching across the width of the shack. "I'm slowly making this my office and living room; probably build in another antenna and bring in a big-screen television over there. If my wife's real good, I'll let her come down once in a while."

There is a dry wind outside, stirring his American flag and tossing it alongside the Arizona flag above Goldwater's radio outpost. K7UGA is off the air. Be-Nun-I-Kin ("House on Top of the Hill," to the Navajos) is quiet, almost deserted, but Goldwater is never really alone as long as the ham's equipment works.



Jeff Jacobsen/Special to the Washington Times

Barry Goldwater in his beloved radio "shack," which he is "slowly turning into a living room and office."

CAPITAL LIFE

DIANA HEARS

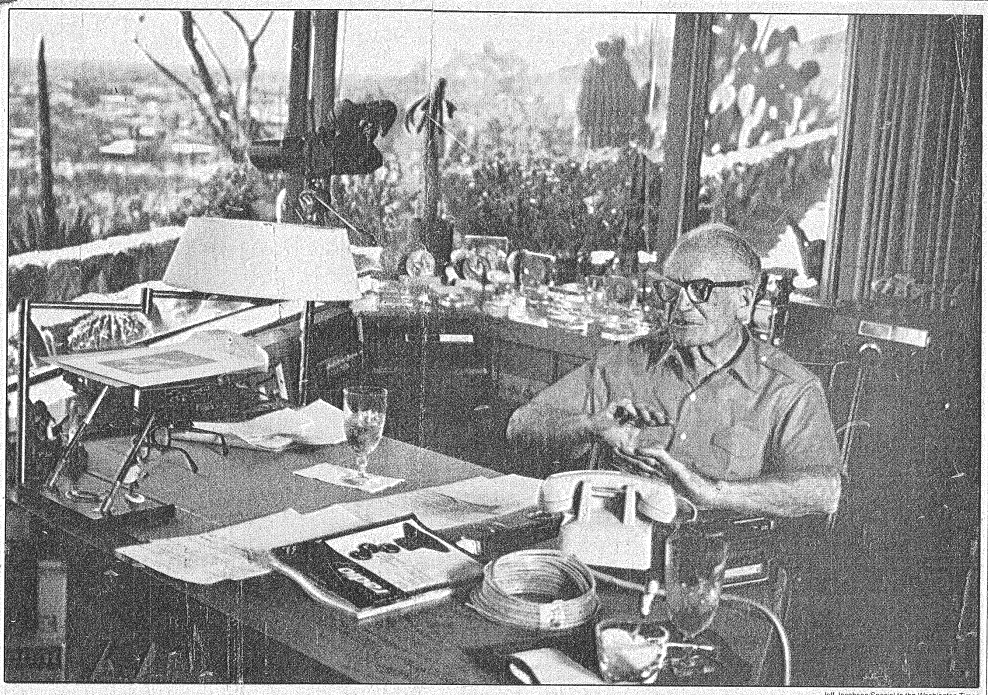
ALL IS FORGIVEN . . . Well! *Despite* those Boston reviews decribing Liz Taylor as a "stuffed owl" — or maybe because of them; who knows? — a swarm of Kennedys will converge for the Big Ap's *very* first peek at Liz 'n' Dick. Jean Kennedy Smith, you see, bagged the Number One Preview up there of "Private Lives," April 28, to benefit her Arts For The Handicapped. In will flit Ethel, Caroline, Teddy — without His Mystery Date — Michael and his missus, Pat Kennedy Lawford and daughter Robin, the young Joe Kennedys, two distinct Mrs. Bobby Kennedys — Senior and Junior — Kerry, Ethel's daughter, and assorted others sneaking in under Married Names. (As well, of course, as all the New York Trendies, a bucket of Eurotrash, plus Jerry Brown, Norm Mailer and Allen Ginsberg, Poet of Despair. A mix is always fun.) Steve and Jean Smith will soften up the cream of the above with a little boozer before the show. John Coleman will feed Liz and Dick and select Trendies after, in the Jockey Club. And it's nifty to know that *everyone* mentioned above's *utterly* pardoned Liz for once wedding a Republican. "Think about John Warner on a political percentage input basis," a Demo suggests. That's the way they talk, now. Politics is hell.

BUT NOT FORGOTTEN . . . Fond colleagues of the late beloved Rep. Phil Burton, Californian King of Gerrymandering, toasted his memory the other eve, as only fellow-Congressmen can. "Well, well. *Finally* old Phil owns some property in his district," sighed one, blowing his nose. "Yep," nodded another. "His grave touches four counties, and has a deviation of .05." The glasses clinked. Silence fell. Congressional Sentiment, darlings, isn't exactly like any other kind. But it's better than nothing.

FRANKLY MY DEAR . . . More stardust. Right after his KenCen show Tuesday night, Frank Sinatra zipped over to the plushy-macho Prime Rib eaterie with Barbara and his musicmen. There, he ate barbecued back ribs, His Way (No finger-lickin'). Old hoofer George Murphy stopped by for howdies. Most fun of all, the Rib's pianist, Stef Scaggiari, grandly presented Ol' Visine Eyes with *his* new disc, "Just The Beginning." The Senior Songbird, still aglow from forking over $30,000 worth of seat receipts to Foster Grandparents, beamed with gratitude. Then, *last* night, he tossed a little *privee* supper at the Madison for 18, including Ed Meese and Mike Deaver. He was even more adorable than usual. "He's definitely Mellowing," everybody nudges. "He hasn't even found out the names of the Right Gossip Columnists to insult onstage this time." A very strange state of affairs. Stay tuned.

Patti Davis

THE FLEETING TWINKLY, CONT'D . . . Lord Patrick Litchfield — a Limey, couldn't you guess? — just slid into New York to shoot pics of Patti Davis, posed *dripping* in Harry Winston's sapphires and diamonds. The First Daughter will star in assorted Euromags, along with Princess Caroline in emeralds, and Morgan Fairchild in cabochon rubies. Two downers, in all this *gloire*: We'll never see the pics. And, just like Mama, Patti had to turn back her borrowed glitteries when the spotlights died. The best things in life *are* free, always. But some are a tad temporary. Tomorrow: Gossip of Permanence.



Jeff Jacobsen/Special to the Washington Times

In his youth, Barry Goldwater rode to this hill on horseback and slept under the stars. A quarter century later, he built his $250,000 home here, eight miles from downtown Phoenix.

Goldwater: The salt and sage of the desert

By Jane Sims Podesta
WASHINGTON TIMES STAFF

PARADISE VALLEY, Ariz. — Outrageous as ever, Barry Goldwater points down the cliff to the neighborhood skinny-dipper's house. Down there, just below his hilltop home, is one spot that always comes in crystal clear.

The dusty desert city of Phoenix fades into the background when his German submarine binoculars, mounted near the window, are focused 500 feet below. He sits behind a desk that looks like the cockpit of a World War II fighter, outfitted with every weather and radio gadget imaginable.

"I can see all the way downtown and read the clock with these things. Ya, a woman lives down there, and I can see her swimming pool on the end. She likes to go skinny-dipping. She doesn't know who's calling her, but I'll see her down there and I'll call her up and say, 'Helen, you better put something on.' She'll hang up, and I'll be watching her and she comes out and she looks."

He is kidding — or is he? That has always been Goldwater's charm and the Republicans' worry. He says whatever the hell goes through his mind and doesn't care who's listening.

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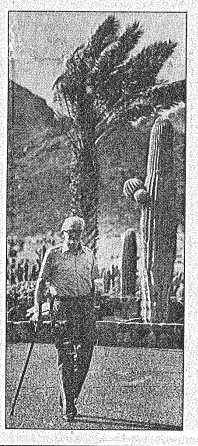
Goldwater talks about calling President Reagan after the president's Star Wars speech in late March, calling for a futuristic defense against Soviet intercontinental ballistic missiles. He called the White House and told an aide that he wanted to talk with Reagan. "Who's calling?" asked the aide. "Sen. Barry Goldwater," he said. "What do you want to talk to him about?" the aide probed. "That's none of your goddamned business," Goldwater shouted and hung up.

Later that day Reagan phoned Goldwater back, only to learn the old party warhorse enjoyed the speech. Goldwater recalls the incident with the relish of an older statesman not always called upon for advice these days. Although on cordial terms with the president, there are political wounds that have not completely healed: Reagan has never quite forgiven Goldwater for solidly backing Gerald Ford during the 1976 presidential campaign.

Nearly 20 years after Goldwater's landslide defeat at the hands of Lyndon Johnson, the Republican party is led by a man who espouses many of the conservative ideas that Goldwater voiced in his presidential campaign. But the 1964 candidate and his message — "In Your Heart You Know He's Right" — have nearly vanished from the headlines, even though Goldwater will serve in the Senate until 1986.



"After I ran for the presidency, I sometimes think I made a mistake running again for the Senate. Then I was a relatively young man . . . I lost all my seniority, so here I am, the only Republican who served in 1953 who is serving in the Senate now. Yet John Tower outranks me, and I have four or five years more service than he has.

"I think I would advise anybody, under similar circumstances, 'Don't go back . . .'

"I talked to Hubert Humphrey about it, in fact, and he said, 'You know, I sort of feel the same way. You move out, you come back. You have all your old friends, your old respect, you serve on all of the same committees, but you've lost your clout in a certain way.'"

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The desert sage sits on his hilltop, eight miles from downtown Phoenix, reminiscing about earlier years. A half century ago, in his youth, Barry rode on horseback to this hill, unwrapped his bedroll and slept below the stars before he became one. He built this $250,000 home here 26 years ago, hauling in Arizona red ledge stone from a Navajo reservation quarry 200 miles north.

Before sunrise this spring day, Goldwater somehow managed to climb on the roof, adjusting the ham radio antenna up there before the mid-day sun baked the land. Yet he moves around the house with great pain at 74, leaning on a cane and still sensing a sharp pinch from chronic hip problems.

"The doctors broke the hip bone and put it together with piano wire . . . My hip looks like somebody shot it full of shrapnel. All those wires are just sticking in; the bone didn't go together. I keep raising hell with the doc, and he says someday it'll be all right. I say, 'Christ, someday I'll be dead.' "

Goldwater seems somehow fragile, the crusty image worn down, not shattered, by age. The years have slowed his gait and troubled his heart, forcing him to stay inside more and swear off booze and spicy food. His heart is patched up — he underwent a heart bypass opera-

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GALLERIES / Jane Addams Allen

Alaska: A refuge for kitsch?

"Alaska's Artists in Washington D.C.," on view in the Rotunda of the Russell Senate Office Building, is exactly what its title suggests — the kind of exhibition you could only find in the nation's capital. A not so subtle mix of political and gallery interests have combined to create a show of overpowering mediocrity, designed to project the image of Alaska as the last frontier of natural beauty, but actually projecting an image of Alaska as the last refuge of kitsch wildlife art and condescending depictions of native Americans.

Including over 100 paintings and prints by 33 artists, the exhibition was put together and presented by Artique Ltd. Gallery in Anchorage, which represents all of the exhibited painters and printmakers. But it was conceived by Catherine Chandler Stevens, wife of the Republican senator from Alaska, as an inaugural event kicking off the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the passage of the Alaska Statehood Act which will occur in 1984. That she chose an art exhibition for such an occasion is much to Mrs. Stevens' credit. Unfortunately, the actual show does little to enhance Alaska's image.

Apparently Sen. Stevens particularly requested the gallery to include pictures that could be considered typically Alaskan, hence the plethora of scenes of snowy mountains and icy seas, huskies, polar bears, eagles and Eskimos. The problem is that this kind of programmatic approach to aesthetics doesn't lend itself to good art. Those artists who devote themselves to satisfying other people's expectations of a geographical location are almost by definition followers rather than leaders. And when they are copying a currency long debased by travel posters and "Call of the Wild" ripoffs, their art tends to be as devoid of feeling and originality as the average National Geographic photo.

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It is not that natural beauty is no longer a fit subject for good and original painting. The current Morris Graves show at the Phillips Gallery is full of memorable images of the Northwest. But one wonders if Graves' paintings of blind birds and joyous pines would have been considered suitable for a statehood commemoration, had he been from Alaska.

Of all the Alaskan scene painters, only Paul Steucke seems to see the landscape and its people with fresh eyes. His "Heading Home" and "Hydaburg Dancer" make you feel the loneliness, the cold and the immense mental space of Alaska.

Even worse than the wildlife paintings are the numerous "cute" adaptations of Eskimo art. The simplified rounded forms and conventionalized design motifs of Eskimo carving have been transmogrified by such painters as Kim Brown, Susan Ellis, Claire Fejes, Teri Jo Hedman, and Rie Munoz into sentimental depictions of native life. The fact that there are more ersatz Eskimo pasticheurs than actual native American artists in this exhibition is a shame, particularly when the few examples of native American art, such as the lithographs by Chuna, are among the stronger and more moving works in the show.

The other standout in the show is Susan Bremner, whose moody

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"Hydaburg Dancer" by Paul Steucke, at the Russell Senate Office Building.